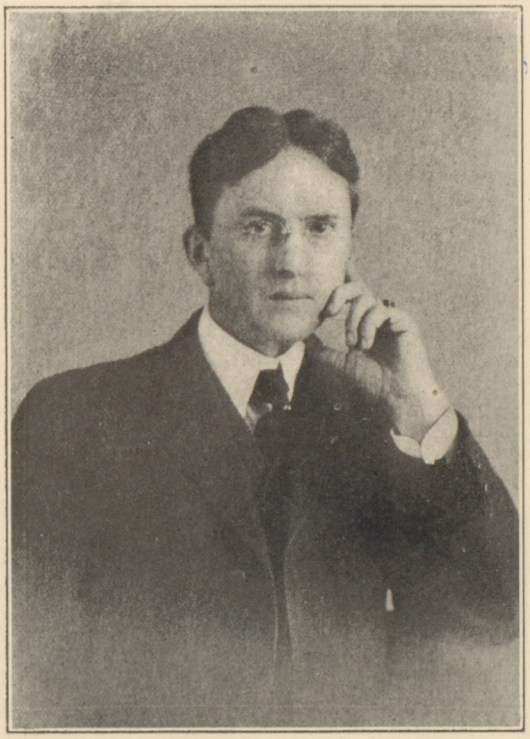
AHS
The ACORN

Class of June
1907

We, the Class of June '07 do hereby dedicate this "Acorn" to our class teacher Miss Rosa Hohfeld, principal and Faculty.



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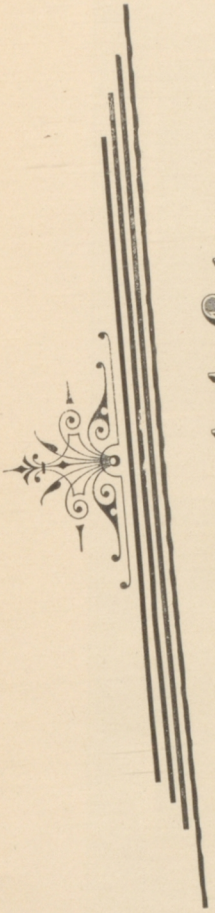
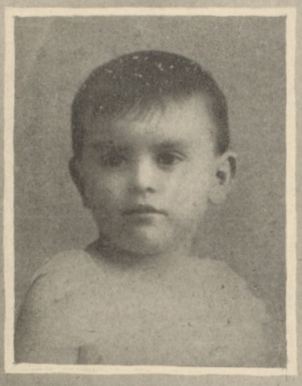
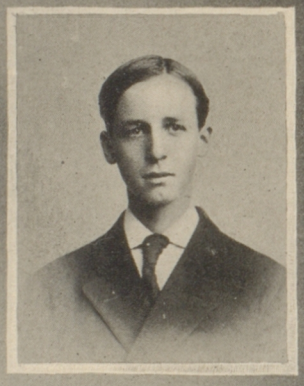
SIERRA ST



June '07 Before and After

BESSIE YATES
SECRETARY.





DON E. BAILEY
PRESIDENT.

ROBERTA HASLETT
TREASURER.

SIERRA, S. F.

1 & 2 EDWARD DOWDLE
5 & 6 BROWNING DEXTER
3 & 4 IRMA YOUNG
7 & 8 CHARLOTTE BRUSH

1&2 LELAND MOORE 3&4 VERDEL JONES
5&6 HELEN BICKFORD 7&8 HARRY SEPULVEDA

1 & 2 GEORGIE HATHAWAY 3 & 4 FRANCES READ
5 & 6 ENA BEANE 7 & 8 EDITH CAMERON

1 & 2 ANNETTE BAREILLIS

3 & 4 MONTIE HASLETT

5 & 6 VIOLA MINOR

1 & 2 IRVING GOTTHEIM
5 & 6 MINNIE ANDERSON
3 & 4 IRENE WELP
7 & 8 BYRON PAUL

1 & 2 MAY NASON 3 & 4 FRITZ CLAXTON

5 & 6 MYRA BURDICK 7 & 8 EDWIN HIGGINS

1 & 2 EMMIE LEMCKE 3 & 4 CHARLOTTE D'EVELYN
5 & 6 GERTRUDE POSTEL 7 & 8 ALMA CURTIS

1 & 2 LILLIAN HARBOR 3 & 4 GEORGE BROWING
5 & 6 BERTHA SHERAMSKY 7 & 8 CLAIRE RITCHIE

CLASS ~
HISTORY

CLASS HISTORY.

It was the autumn of 1903 when the class of June, '07, entered this High School. The truth is, every student—Senior, Middle or Junior, as well as Scrub—entered at the same time, for it was in August, '03, that this building was opened. In this respect we had the advantage of all other freshmen classes. We were not the only ones who lost the way, who found ourselves in one room when we wanted to be in another, who forgot that (formerly) the stairs on the left ran up, those on the right ran down. The High School was as new to the Senior as it was to the Freshman. Our scrub year, then, was not as embarrassing to us as it might have been.

We have seen many changes in the affairs of the school. When we entered, Marx, Dague, O'Brien, Politzer were the great names. Debating was at its height. Alameda High was known all over the State. The enthusiasm of the Associated Students' meetings was a thing to be remembered. Then for a period everything seemed dead. Debating was dead and we seemed to have lost the power of adapting our energy and enthusiasm to something else. In vain we were railed at and laughed at. School spirit seemed dead. But, fortunately, that period has passed. The school is waking up and again coming to the fore, not in debating, but in athletics. With the exception of Macauley it has as yet no names that stand out as prominently from the others at those of four years ago. But while the school has fewer stars, it has a strong and steady rank and file. We need have no fears for its future.

Then we have seen many changes in the class itself. Some have dropped back and some few have caught up with us. Some of us have found smooth sailing by following the prescribed course; others have been continually in hot water by trying to follow their own course. We do not want for famous people. Among our number are Harry Sepulveda and Fritz Claxton, both well known on the track; Irene Welp, winner of the debating medal; Dan Bailey, president of the Associated Students, and Edwin Higgins, famous as a "funny man." Between ourselves we have tried nearly every subject taught in school and every form of school activity. We hope we have done our share in supporting the life and upholding the standard of the school during the past four years.

Class Prophecy

For many years I had been living alone, because—well, because I was a sprinster. Still, I rather enjoyed the quiet life and I had spent the greater part of my time in studying the Old Masters.

One day a piece of good luck fell to me. An uncle, my only relative, had suddenly died and had made me his sole heir. His fortune was really amazingly large, and it did not take me long to decide what to do with it. It had always been my one great desire to go to Europe and visit the famous galleries, where I could lose myself among the wonderful sights they would afford me. My plans were soon made, and a month later found me comfortably settled in Paris, from where I could easily find my way to the picture-gallaries. Oh, how I enjoyed them. There were always new ones to see.

One gallery was especially interesting, the Le Grand Palais de Beaux-Arts. There seemed to be miles and miles of canvass hung on those walls.

One morning I started out to make my last visit to the Beaux-Arts. As I walked down one of the numerous aisles I noticed a sign, "Portraits of Well-Knwon People," hanging over a door. Although I was not especially interested in portraits, I decided to go in and see those whom the world knew. The first name that caught my eye (I had picked up a catalogue at the door) was that of Miss Minnie Anderson. Where had I heard that name before? I looked again at the catalogue and soon discovered that it was my old class of June, '07, that had become well known in the world. As I said, Minnie Anderson headed the row. I thought I knew for what she had become

famous, from her high school life, and I was not far wrong. For the catalogue told me that she had won fame as an actress, being noted especially, in Europe, for her character parts.

Then I passed to the next. No, Miss Lillian Harber had not changed much. She had joined one of the grand opera companies and had sung before most of the crowned heads of Europe.

At the next picture I had to look twice before I recognized in the strong, determined but kindly features the Edwin Higgins I once knew. How famous he had become! He was Mayor of the New San Francisco, and he had completely wiped out by his successful policy all traces of graft, once so prevalent there.

Passing on to the next picture, I recognized Roberta Haslett. She had become a great portrait and miniature painter and had won recognition from the Queen of England, whose portrait she had just finished.

Here was Charlotte Brush—at least that violin had been heard all over the Continent and her praises were being sung by everyone.

Hre was Charlotte Brush—at least that used to be her name. But now she was the Countess of Dunstanborough-on-Thames. She had made a startling hit at Paris and she was especially noted ofr her charity balls, which she gave yearly at her beautiful mansion. On the side, unknown to her many friends, she was one of the most successful women lobbyists in England.

But here was a face I knew at first glance —Donald Bailey. He was at last President of the United States. Presidencies always were in his line. But I could not see why that position should make him world-famous. Ah, there was something that would tell me. Written below his picture was, "Noted for a famous speech delivered while President on 'How a Man Should Be Guidd Towards Honsty in Political Campaigns."

Bhold! Here was one who had become the first lady in the land—that is, the United States—and who was known everywhere for her gracious hospitality and h great philanthropy—our lovable Bess Yates.

I might have known from her earli days that the next one would be counte famous. Charlotte Develyn had written new Latin text-book, which had becom very popular among colleges. She wa moreover, the youngest living authority o archaeology.

Byron Paul came next. He had becom a great newspaper man. His paper wa strictly a political one. His editorials wer so deep that they were not fully appre ciated and the public did not realize th good he was doing.

Oh, Emmy Lemcke—richest gi l i America! Well, Emmy, luck certainly di fall to you. You can do a great deal o good with your money. Keep up your goo work. Charitable heiresses are hard t find these days.

At the next picture I must say I receive a surprise. A new book had lately bee published, one which I thought was par ticularly fire. The name attached to th book was one I did not know, and wha was my surprise to learn here that Hele Buliford was the real author, and was writ ing extensively under an assumed name I certainly hoped to read more of her wor in the future.

The Duke of Gadzooks was next in or der. The name was not at all familiar, bu I recognized at once the distinguished aristocratic features of Montgomery Har lett. I always had a feeling that he woul turn out to be lord or duke or some suc title.

But here was a chamion of our cause Miss Irene Wel. She had first delivered thrilling seech at Washington o "Woman's Right," not claiming the suf frage for women, but merely calling fo their every-day rights. The men of thi age were beginning to feel themselves to suerior.

Here was the young man about whom I had heard so much, Browning Dexter He had invented a new make of automobil an dits gear was considered by far supe

rior to any other. His car was being used altogether throughout Europe and the King of Spain had just returned from a successful tour in his machine of this make.

The next was a group picture. Here were the young ladies who had been perfect Florence Nightingales in their work as nurses during a very bloody war between labor and capital, which had lasted two years. Among the faces I recognized Verdel Jones, Annette Borellias, Alma Curtis and Myra Burdick.

Ah, Mr. Dowdle, you certainly rendered a service both to Europe and to America. He had at last made a perfect game of football. Rugby had been done away with and even Europe was playing this new American football.

As I was busily scanning the faces of my old school friends I heard a shout of laughter. Looking up, I saw a number of young ladies coming toward me, in their midst a tall, rather stately-looking woman. Her face certainly did look familiar, and sure enough, I found Miss Ena Beane. That wasn't her name, but I really couldn't remember the one she told me. She was conducting a fashionable seminary for young ladies and was now chaperoning a number of them to Europe for their vacation. Had I not decided years ago to be a spinster, I, too, might have had a select school for young ladies. It certainly was a pleasant life, I thought. But, then, I never had been as bright as Miss Beane. It seems she had made physics her special study and was carrying on a course of it herself at the seminary. In speaking of her work, she pointed to the next picture, telling me that Miss Georgie Hathaway had also become a noted teacher in that line at one of the big colleges for young women. The young ladies seemed impatient to go, so we parted and I continued my way down the gallery.

Irving Gottheim was there, making a name for himself as a promising young orator.

Miss Sheramsky became famous through her playing. She was, moreover, a noted composer and one of her best known compositions is her "My Honeysuckle Girl," with variations.

Here was Fritz Claxton, a noted and brilliant lawyer. He is connected with the Federal Courts and has fine chances of being Chief Justice of the United States.

But what a fine military bearing Harry Sepulveda had. He had been to West Point and had so distinguished himself after his graduation from there in the war between capital and labor that he was now a general.

Here was one who had gone on the stage, making a startling success by taking the part of children. Her name, Edith Cameron, was connected with all the big charity benefits in Europe.

There was another interested in the stage, Irma Young. She was a promising young playwright, whose plays were being presented by all the leading actors and actresses of the day. There was also a rumor of her engagement to a brilliant young lawyer, but it was as yet only a rumor.

Further on was George Browning, one of the most successful business men of the country. I noticed that he was one of those who defended the cause of the capitalist in the recent war.

Another picture was that of Viola Minor, now world-famous as Jenice Hall, the elocutionist.

Whose was this, the last picture? There surely had been no one in my class who looked like this. The portrait was that of a man with long hair and glasses, quite a professor, evidently. What was my astonishment on finding that it was Leland Moore, now professor of astronomy at Oxford.

How these pictures carried me back to my High School days. It was with the deepest regret that I left them to return to the hurry of Paris and from there to my solitary life across the waters.

MAY NASON, '07.

Acorn Staff of June '07

Editor ..... Charlotte D'Evelyn
Stories ..... Bessie Yates
Class Prophecy ..... May Nason
Class Alphabet ..... Gertrude Postel
Joshes ..... Minnie Anderson
Exchanges ..... Irma Young
Boys' Athletics ..... Ed Dowdle
Girls' Athletics ..... Irene Welp
Girls' Reporter ..... Charlotte Brush
Boys' Reporter ..... Fritz Claxton
Art Staff ..... Roberta Haslett, Frances Read, Charlotte Brush, **Montie Haslett**
Manager ..... Edwin Higgins
Assistant Manager .....

OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF '07.

MIDDLE B TERM.

President ..... Montie Haslett
Vice-President ..... Fritz Claxton
Secretary ..... Minnie Anderson
Treasurer ..... Don Bailey

SENIOR A TERM.

President ..... Minnie Anderson
Vice-President ..... Leland Moore
Secretary ..... Bessie Yates
Treasurer ..... Roberta Haslett

SENIOR B TERM.

President ..... Don Bailey
Vice-President ..... Charlotte Brush
Secretary ..... Bessie Yates
Treasurer ..... Roberta Haslett

It is again time for a class to graduate. ır turn has come round with such slow ıste, as it were, that we can hardly real- e that we have reached the point towards ıich we have been working, in various ıys, for four years. When we were rubs and Juniors school days seemed to retch away before us off into space. By e time we were Middlers, space, but still r away. The middle was a comfortable ar. The half-way mark of anything ually is pleasant. We were far enough vanced to feel thoroughly at home in hool affairs and to see the end before us, t too far away to be discouraging, and t near enough to put us into that state of citement common to high Seniors.

For the Senior B term is one of excite- ent from beginning to end. It is hard for Senior to be staid and subdued and a model for lower classes to follow, when everything is conspiring to put him in a flutter. There is the play and the dance and the Acorn and the commencement exercises. There is the thrill of half pleasure, half regret, when in unconsciously planning something for next term, we remember with a start that there is to be no next term for us. Though still part of the school, we seem almost a past part. During this term we live continually in the future—and living in the future is not the most soothing sort of existence. Therefore, do not judge High Seniors too harshly, for under this nervous gaiety, we all feel something of the seriousness attendant upon these, the last of our school days.

It is wit hevery good wish for the welfare of this High School that the class of June, '07, takes its leave.

"ACORN" STAFF FOR 1907.

Byron Paul, '07 ..... Editor-in-Chief

Bessie Yates, '07 ..... Stories

Russell McFarland, '08 ..... Joshes

Jane Cooper, '07 1-2 ..... Exchanges

Edward Dowdle, '07 ..... Athletics

Charlotte Brush, '07 ..... Girls' Reporter

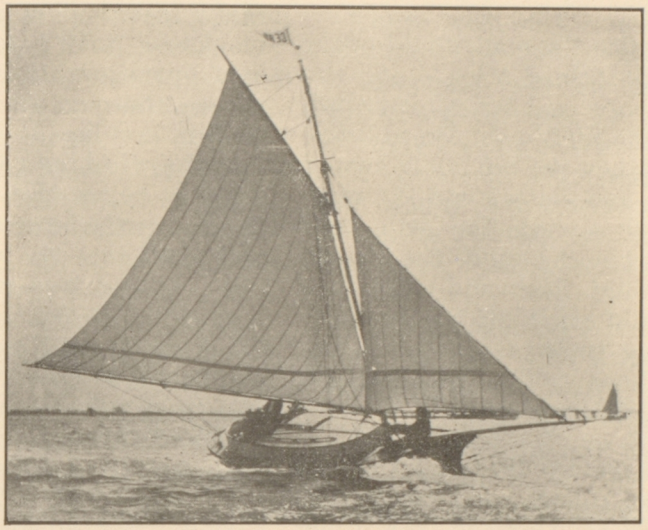
Gertrude Brown, '08 1-2 ..... Girls' Athletics

Ruth Holt, '08 1-2
Allan Beringer, '07 1-2
Charles Medcraft, '09 } ..... Art Staff

T. H. Searle, '07 1-2 ..... Manager

Henry Kassebaum, '08 1-2 ..... Assistant Manager

The Fishermen Three.



The "Ripple" was a pretty boat from whatever point you viewed her, but on this August afternoon, her sheet pulled in for the tact, her jib snapping in the brisk breeze and her bow fairly diving under each massive wave, the appearance she made was such as to cause even the chronic dyspeptic long to put on his oilskins and "sou'wester" and battle with her against the elements. She was not a large boat, only about thirty feet long, but no expense had been spared to make her comfortable and no work was neglected to make her beautiful. Her long graceful hull was painted with glistening white zinc, her large mainsail was new and the unspotted canvass shown in the hot sun, but her low, curved cabin and long graceful jib were the finishing touches which made her appearance perfection.

Beating up into the wind she tacted and tacted again, slowly making her way out against the terrific tide and wind which came in through the Golden Gate this summer afternoon.

At the wheel in the stern of the boat, his face tanned a nut brown, his blue flannel shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, his beard fairly mopping in the breeze, stood a man of perhaps fifty years of age. His face was lined with deep wrinkles, his eyebrows closely knit and his jaws had a cut which gave one the impression of extreme determination and a will of iron. The wheel ran easily through his shiny, calloused fingers and it seemed as though he could anticipate even the slightest inclination of the boat to vary from its course as the rudder was always there to keep her headed in the direction toward which he sailed.

Standing beside him, straight and tall, dressed in high rubber boots, a short skirt and blue sweater, stood a girl of perhaps eighteen years. Her features greatly resembled those of the man beside her, her square cut jaw, her eyes, which snapped with each sudden bound of the vessel and her brown tanned cheek, which broke now and then into a healthy smile as a mighty whitecap, striking the boat's windward

side, threw the cold salt spray into her sturdy face, gave one the instant intelligence that this healthy, muscular girl was standing by her father, whose orders were executed by her gravely and quickly in true sailor fashion.

In a deep bass voice the man would every now and then call, "Hard a'lee," and the girl, loosing this rope and tightening that, would soon have the jib in position to bring the boat about. When the big boom swung over with a clank and clatter and the massive sail filled with a snap, the little boat would give a start and bound, the "bone in her teeth" would flash suddenly into view and she would start off on the starboard tact, gaining each time the full distance under the keen control of the man, assisted by his "little sailor girl."

* * * * * *

In a little cottage by the bay, where small but energetic rollers now beat fiercely the south shore of Alameda, the other member of the crew lay sick with the fever. Her gray hair tangled itself into knots as she twitched and tossed on her hard, hot, uncomfortable bed; and as the wind grew stronger and the cloudy night descended, her bed grew hotter, her fever grew in strength and her moanings came faster and louder until one could hear over and over again, "Oh, God, protect and guard my sailor girl this awful night."

The waves now pounded in fury and the wind became a hurricane.

* * * * * *

Having cleared "the heads," the little boat set off on one long tack, toward the northwest. The night was approaching and the wind, instead of decreasing, as usual, rose in strength so that the man wore a worried expression on his face and his eyes were nervously darting from side to side.

On and on she went, rising gracefully and slowly over each massive roller, plunging bodily every now and then under a mighty whitecap, then emerging and shaking the water from her like a dog. Out from shore about ten miles they turned and tacted toward the southwest, and as night descended the girl noticed just over their starboard bow the Cliff House, perched at the entrance of the Golden Gate.

It is a dangerous undertaking to try to reef a sail alone at any time, but in an inky blackness, with a terrible sea running and in a hurricane, it is near suicide. Nevertheless the man gave the wheel to the girl, instructing her to hold the boat directly into the wind, and went up on the forward deck to begin the work. The girl heard the halyards loosen and the gaff lowered and after that she waited, waited wondering why he was so long, expecting any moment to hear him drop down and finish his work from the pit of the boat. Soon she began to call, "Father, oh, father, are you nearly finished?" But only the wind whistled through the halyards and the jib pulleys rattled noisely.

"Father, father"—the voice was now a shriek. But no answer came and for the first time the girl realized that she was alone with a half-reefed sail, in a hurricane.

Oh, well might that mother, crazed with fear, pray as she never prayed before: "Oh, God, protect my sailor girl to night."

It is terrible to feel yourself rising swiftly up, up, up, to the very skies, with the awful roar of angry waters in your ears, with the terrifying rattle of metal pulleys interrupted at intervals by the sharp snap of an unseen sail, a slap of an unseen wave on your vessel's side; but to have the very bottom fall out of the universe, to feel yourself sink with incredible speed down, down, down to the very depths, to know you are alone on the open sea in a hurricane, without help is worse than anything imaginable.

The girl could hardly collect her thoughts, but soon she realized that the only thing to do was to run for the Golden Gate. She slowly turned the wheel, the sail filled and they were off "for better or for worse." One by one the reef points gave way and soon the entire canvas was bellied out like a huge balloon. To guide the boat and pull in the halyards at the

same time was impossible and the risk was too great to come up into the wind again, so she sailed on before the storm.

The girl was undoubtedly terrified. She could not see two feet before her; she steered by the feeling of the wind on her cheek and her mind was filled with many doubts. Although she was well acquainted with the shore and rocks around here, she, nevertheless, was very careful to look for the lighthouse when she reached the top of each wave. Running before the wind, as she was, the waves overtook her and the boat would rise swiftly up, stern foremost, and then at the top, it would turn and drop with a sickening sensation, still stern foremost. This sort of thing kept up for hours, only interrupted at intervals by accidents, which terrified the girl beyond all reason.

Once when the boat reached the trough of a wave a large log struck the bowsprit, breaking it off and making the jib worse than useless. Once a mighty whitecap filled the cockpit half full of water and once a sudden gust nearly tipped the boat over. But at last the gate was entered and the lighthouses on both sides signaled "safe, safe, safe"—but wait.

The girl knew the channel perfectly and now as she entered with the lights on both sides she gave a sigh of relief. Although the wind was just as strong, the waves were not as high and this, coupled with the thoughts of her dead father and sick mother, caused her to neglect her caution. She could not see which way the wind was blowing, she could not see how the sail compared and she did not see that as she turned the wheel the sheet came up dangerously close to the wind, but she did know what happened when the great boom swung over with a roar, just grazing her head. This little thirty-foot sloop, with full sail set, had jibbed at the entrance to the harbor in a hurricane.

"God protect my sailor girl," now if ever.

There was only one thing which could happen. The boat turned over and dumped its occupant into the bay. Soon a slight girlish figure came to the surface and struggled, struggled bravely.

If she could only reach Alcatraz; if the tide would only help her; if the water was not quite so cold, but the tide was at ebb and those boots were very heavy.

* * * * * *

The sick woman stirred and slowly rose from her bed. She dressed nervously and went out on the shore. The tide was rising, the storm had subsided and the full moon covered the bay with a flood of glory seldom seen.

But the mind of the woman was not clear and she noticed none of these things. All she wanted was to walk, walk, walk.

"Oh, my head, will the pain never stop? Why do my eyes burn so? What makes my throat so hot? What is that spot before my eyes? Is it something in the water or are my eyes deceiving me? Let me see. Oh, I must hurry!"

Her mind cleared with a start and she found herself staring at something slowly drifting with the tide.

"I wonder what it is," and she hurried down, to fall in a heap by the side of her dead daughter.

Slowly, slowly the tired tide rose, lapping the broken body of this broken-hearted woman and slowly, oh, so slowly, the tired life left the prostrate form, whose short gray hair now mingled with the long black floating tresses of "my sailor girl."

DON BAILEY, '07.

Senior Alphabet.

A is for Alma, and also Annette,
A good beginning for our alphabet.

B is for Bessie, of all autos fond;
You may get one, yet, dear, so do not despond.
Also for Browning and Byron it stands,
Queener and athlete to fulfill all demands.
Lastly for Bertha, a maiden serene—
To do anything wrong she never was seen.

C is for Charlotte, whom the teachers adore;
She doesn't know the meaning of getting a four.
Another Charlotte we have in our class;
She's very fond of giving you "sass."
Again, there's a maiden whom we call Clair—
In our Senior play she was known as Gradmere.

D is for Don, A. S. and class prex;
He has a great fondness for taking an ex.

E is for Edith, very demure;
Did her card, I wonder, ever say "poor?"
Also for Ena, who sings in the Glee;
She's a wonderful range, as high as a tree.
And then for Ed Dowdle, a wild boy, I've heard;
I think his chief pet is a little love-bird.
Then comes Ed Higgins, with a new joke;
He's awfully good—he won't even smoke.
Then we have Emmy, witty and gay;
Everyone likes her—why shouldn't they, pray?

F's for Fritz Claxton, still rather "Young"
He loves to hear other people cry, stung.
Also for Frances, whose lover "has went."
I'm still wondering how many letters she sent.

G's for George Browning, who loves to de
bate;
He saved the Japs from a cruel fate.
Also for Georgia, a lover of physics;
I don't think see's quite as fond of civics.

H is for Helen, who studies her books,
For her there are lessons wherever she looks.
Then there is Harry, our ecstatic youth—
Oral English's his strong point, that is th
truth.

I is for Irving, knowing and wise;
He can do anything that he tries.
Also for Irma, who with Latin strives;
She's managed well to dodge all fives.
Then it's for Irene, all medals are hers;
When she is talking, you're no need of furs

J is for Justice, which we have found
Always in A. H. S. to abound.

K always stands for the Key to our hearts
It will take more to ope them than candy and tarts.

L is for Lillian, who always recites;
She's liable to soar to immeasurable heights.
Also for Leland, who's very severe;
His aspect is one that we all fear.

M is for Minnie, exceedingly shy;
When she's not talking we all wonder why.
May Nason also is with us enrolled;
She enjoys yell leading—I have been told.
Myra at prompting distinguished herself;
Without her our play would have been on
the shelf.

M is also for Montie, a nice little boy;
They say he's his mother's pride and joy.

N's for '07, the best class of all;
Our pride is the kind that will not take a fall.

O is for Orange, the next thing to lemon;
But that is too sad for us to dwell on.

P is for Pointers that we can give you;
When you are in trouble just keep this in view.
Remember '07 was always on top,
And no one could ever bring us to a stop.

Q is for Quis, which we've always loved dearly;
We've always succeeded in getting I—nearly.

R's for Roberta, Montie's young sister;
When e're she was absent, oh, how we missed her.

S is for Simpleton, whom we never knew;
May this, lower classmen, be a lesson to you.

T's for Thermometer, which registers zero;
But of that all our class has nothing to fear-o.

U's for Umbrella, to keep us all dry;
The authors of text-books have a goodly supply.

V's for Viola, and also Verdell;
Two charming maids, you'll hear everyone tell.

W's for Whatever we're going to be;
We'll all make names for ourselves, you will see.

X Y Z are beyond my description,
So I'll end this before you'll need a doctor's prescription.

M. C. GERTRUDE POSTEL, 07.

WHAT A GOODLY OUTSIDE FALSEHOOD HATH

She was certainly the sweetest and most lovable old lady I had ever seen, with her soft white hair and bright blue eyes. Her complexion was as fresh as any young girl's, and refinement showed in every feature. She sat next to me on the street car, regarding the passengers with her smiling eyes. Presently she turned to me and asked some trivial question concerning the transfer point. I was enchanted with her gentle voice and succeeded in carrying on a conversation with her. When the conductor came along to collect the fares she reached down into her handbag for her purse. Suddenly a little cry of amazement escaped her lips, and she looked up at the conductor with frightened eyes.

"Some one has stolen my purse, or else I have lost it," she gasped. "What shall I do?"

Of course I offered to pay her fare, and her grateful face was an ample reward for the sight service done. Then she looked up with an alarmed expression.

"But how can I go on?" she said. "I had a ticket in my purse to Chicago, and I don't know a person here in San Francisco."

I had just received my month's pay and felt very rich indeed. I suggested that she let me pay for the ticket and then she could pay me later. After some hesitation she consented. We parted at the railroad station, and she kissed me affectionately. She was such a sweet, innocent little thing.

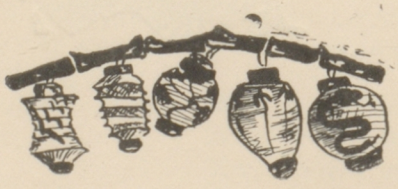
A week later I stopped in at the police court to get some material for my newspaper work. Soon was called the name of Mrs. Lewis, otherwise known as Light-fingered Bess. She was up for petty larceny. I leaned forward with pencil and paper, ready.

"Is this the prisoner?" thundered the Judge.

"It is, your Honor," came the gentle tones of a familiar voice. And there—there was my friend of the street car. Sick at heart, I rose to go out. As I reached the door I turned to take another look at her, and she, the cultured, the refined, winked at me.

Well, the experience was worth the money.

HELEN BICKFORD, '07.



THE GIRLS OF 1776.

"The Girls of 1776" will go down in the history of Senior class dramatics of the Alameda High School as one of the most elaborate presentations a graduating class has attempted. The play, from the pen of Dora A. Shoemaker, was given by the class of June, '07, on May 17th at the Park Theater, the seating capacity of which proved entirely inadequate to accommodate all who sought admission.

The theme centere daround the stirring incidents of the Revolutionary War, Washington crossing the Delaware forming the climax. The cast entered into the spirt if the play and the quaint colonial costumes heightened the artistic effect Full acknowledgment was made by the class to Miss Rose Hohfeld, who coached the production and introduced many of the decided hits of the evening. A great deal of credit is also due to Byron Paul and Fritz Claxton, managers.

The work of the cast was uniformly excellent, the play being remarkably well balanced except that the male members appeared only in the closing incidents of the fourth act. Irene Welp as Madame Evelyn Mayfields was a most imperious hostess and ambitious supporter of the cause of George III. Her impetuous niece, Barbara Steele, or as she was called, "Bitter Sweet," was assumed by Charlotte Brush, who carried the leading role through many difficult passages most creditably. Roberta Haslett as Dolly Darrah, Barbara's friend, was an equally enthusiastic rebel of charming, though somewhat saucy (as the Argus had it) disposition. The scene in which Barbara and Dolly assumed the garb of British officers, supported by Ena Beane as Betsey Ross, was particularly noteworthy.

May Nason acted the part of a patriotic loyalist, Honora Drake, in a thoroughly polished manner. She sang "The Quilting Party," supported by the chorus and gained the well merited approval of the audience. The two daughters of Madame Mayfields, Amanda and Helen, were portrayed by Gertrude Postel and Marjorie Emmons, respectively, and with Edith Cameron as Anne Van Dresser, and the other friends of Amanda in the persons of Viola Minor, Charlotte D'Evelyn and Alma Curtis, made an impressive array of loyalists, with decided propensities in the direction of flirting.

Minnie Anderson was the hit of the evening as the slave girl, Troubles, especially in the song, "Ma Honeysuckle Gal." She entered into the part with a vim and an abandon that provoked frequent burst of applause. The slave chorus, which effectively supplemented her acting, was made up of Lillian Harber, Helen Bickford, Annette Barielles, Dolores Bradley, Bertha Sheramsky and Genevieve Pattini.

George Browning was the rather inconspicuous, but enviable hero, Lieutenant Francis Churchill of the Continental army. The other male parts, British officers, were taken by Spencer Brush, Harry Sepulveda, Fritz Claxton, Don Bailey, Montie Haslett and Leland Moore.

Special mention should be made of the recital by Viola Minor of "The Old Maid's Love Affairs." The rendition was worthy of a professional.

The minuet, in which a number of the young ladies and the British officers took part, was a fitting finale for the production. The stage setting, the appropriate music and the colonial costumes of the dancers materiall yadded to the scene.

The patronesses were Mrs. E. J. Dodge, Mrs. F. W. D'Evelyn, Mrs. G. W. Emmons, Mrs. I. Ehrenberg, Mrs. J. E. Higgins, Mrs. S. M. Haslett, Mrs. L. H. Jacobi, Mrs. M. Lemcke, Mrs. George Mastick, Mrs. Fred Moore, Mrs. A. T. Nason, Mrs. Frank Otis, Mrs. H. M. Pond, Mrs. A. J. Samuel, Mrs. C. H. Shattuck, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. P. S. Teller, Mrs. Charles Tilden, Mrs. C. L. Tisdale, Mrs. G. C. Thompson, Mrs. L. R. Weinman, Mrs. A. E. Yates, Mrs. J. N. Young.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

For years past it has been the aim of different teachers and students to organize a glee club. Attempts have been made and have failed through the non-support of the Student Body. At last, due to the efforts of a few, Alameda High has a glee club and one that it may well be proud of. The latter part of last term some thirty or forty enthusiastic girls gathered in Mr. Cogwell's room and thus began the Girls' Glee Club. To celebrate our organization, the Oakland Girls' Glee rendered a most enjoyable concert here and afterwards we held a jolly little reception and dance. The affair was a great social success.

At the beginning of this term we held an election, the elected officers being: President, Miss Dolores Bradley; Vice President, Miss Irene Welp; Secretary, Miss Lillian Harber; Treasurer, Miss Stephanie Snow; Executive Committee, Miss Alma Curtis, Miss Ethel Murray, Miss Gertrude Grow and Miss Cecil Bernstein.

This term we have settled down to work and most enjoyable and profitable work it is. Under the able leadership of our well-known director, Mr. Horatio Cogswell, we have learned some of the prettiest and best of choral selections. We have practiced faithfully and have tried to show our appreciation to Mr. Cogswell and the Student Association, that has assisted us so substantially. Our meetings have been regular informal social affairs, generally ending in a dance among ourselves. There is not a girl in the glee who does not wish

for "Friday to come soon."

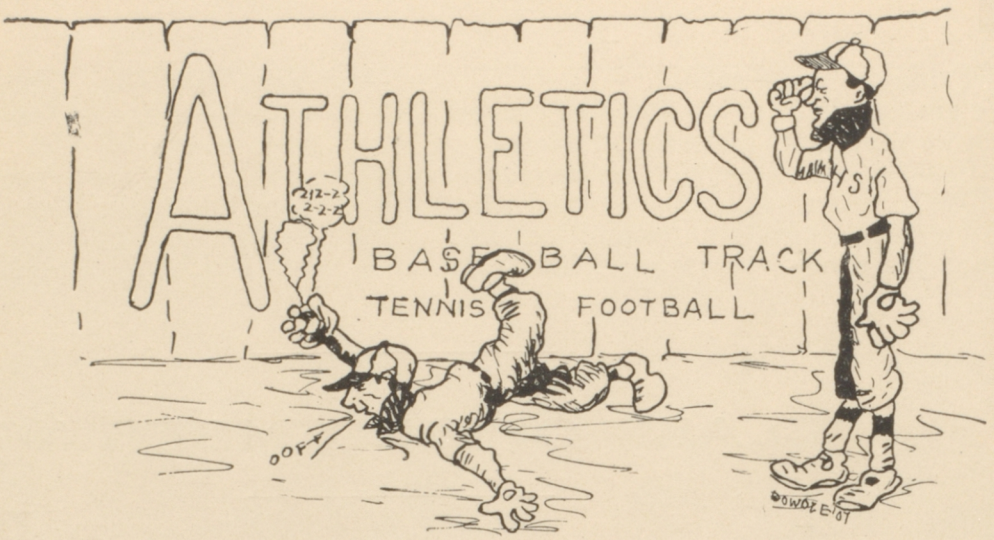
We are now hard at work on our concert which we propose to make the greatest success, financially and socially, of the season. Mr. Frank Butler has been appointed manager by the executive committee and through his efforts success is certain.

And now, dear Glee Club, we who are about to graduate, say farewell, wishing you a long, successful life. Our proudest recollection will be that "we were charter members of the 'Girls' Glee Club of the A. H. S.'"

LILLIAN G. HARBER, '07.

CLASS OF DECEMBER '07

The low Senior class has made great progress this term and looks forward to a prosperous high Senior term. The class is small, but it has shown a great deal of spirit and enthusiasm. The low Senior dance, given in honor of the high Seniors, and under the management of Theodore Searle, was a decided success. The officers of the class are: President, Metcalfe Simonson; Vice President, Dolores Bradley; Secretary, Edna Sullivan; Treasurer, Lorris Dexter.



This year we have a victorious team. We have won the sub-league championship, defeating each school with a decisive score, and stand a fair chance to win the Academic championship. This is the third successive year that Alameda has won the sub-league. The team is composed of under-classmen and all but two are new men.

Brush, our pitcher, has pitched great ball. He is one of the players of the league and has pitched the best of any. His average number of "strikes out" to a game is eight and in about twelve games he has walked but eight men and allowed fourteen hits.

McFarland, our catcher, is a veteran. No catcher in the league can tip a candle to "Mac." He is always in the game and studies his batter. His base throwing and batting are excellent.

Kassebaum, first baseman, is a stickler. In all the league games this season he has played hard ball, accepting many hard chances and acquiting himself without an error.

Geldeman, at second, and Murphy at third, play steady and aggressive games.

Captain Burton at short is the mainstay of the team. It is due to his hard playing and efficient leadership that we have the team we have.

Kues ,the right fielder, is a fast, heady player. Often the spectators are astonished by his running catches and brilliant playing.

The same may be said of Henn and Gay. Besides being a capable outfielder, Gay is a good catcher and makes a fine substitute for MacFarland.

The substitutes, Johnson and Gottheim, have both shown up well. Each has accepted his chances with success.

The games played this term are as follows:

PRACTICE GAMES.

A. H. S.	8	St. Mary's	8
A. H. S.	3	First Corps Cadets	5
A. H. S.	10	St. Ignatius	12
A. H. S.	1	St. Mary's	10
A. H. S.	6	Lowell	10
A. H. S.	10	White's Academy	1
A. H. S.	7	Heald's, Dixon	5

LEAGUE GAMES.

A. H. S.	26	Centerville	1
A. H. S.	9	Oakland	1
A. H. S.	6	Berkeley	11
A. H. S.	9	Oakland Poly	6

SEMI-FINAL GAME.

A. H. S..... 6 Oakland 1

The team has played in hard luck this season. MacFarland's back was in such a condition that he could not play in the Berkeley game, and Henn and Gale have both been sick. From looking at the list of practice games one would think we had no team at all. These games were games to try out pitchers and other players. Among our discoveries we found that Gale and Murphy were good substitutes for "Mini" Brush and MacFarland.

WEARERS OF THE BIG "A."

(Football.)

Post-Graduates—Jackson, Frick.
Seniors—Paul, Dowdle, Sundell, Bates.
Middlers—Brush, Butler, Foster, E. Bruzzoni, Siegfried.
Juniors—MacFarland, Kues.
Freshmen—Greenwell, Gale.

(Baseball.)

Seniors—Gottheim.
Middlers—Kassebaum, Brush, Burton.
Juniors—MacFarland, Johnson, Kues, Gay, Geldeman, Henn.
Freshmen—Murphy.

(Track.)

Macauley, Sepulveda.

Edward Macaulay

Macaulay, as we all know, has quite a record. For the benefit of those who are not well posted, we will tell what the little fellow has done.

His running career really begun in the spring of 1905, in the dual meet with Hoit's and Palo Alto. Here he won the 220 in 24 3-5 seconds and the 440 in 55 seconds. In the B. C. L., soon after, he ran the last lap in the relay. In the fall of 1905, in the B. C. L., he won the 220, beating the much heralded Buttpenbach by ten yards in 24 2-5 seconds. In the A. A. L. he got a bad start in the 220, but won third place.

In the spring of 1906, at the Stanford Interscholastic, Crabtree of Lick fouled hi min the 220, but he won third place.

In the G. S. A. A., on the Fourth of July, he won the 440 in 54 seconds. It was the fall of 1906 that he did wonders. In the B. C. L. he won the 440 in 53 2-5 seconds. In the A. A. L. he won the 220 in 24 seconds and i nthe P. A. A. he won the 220 in 23 seconds flat.

This term he won the 220 and 440 in both the Stanford Interscholastic and the B. C. L. In the B. C. L. he lowered the 220 record to 23 1-5 and the 440 to 51 3-5 seconds.

Counting up, Macaulay has made about 70 points for the Alameda High School and we have every reason to feel proud of our gritty little sprinter.

E. DOWDLE, '07.

TRACK

There was a revival in track this term. An interclass field day showed up a great deal of new material and aroused enthusiasm. Besides Macaulay, Sepulveda, Jackson and Perkins, we had Shattuck, Henn, Kassebaum, Kues, Etter, Bruzzone, Dowdle and a number of others.

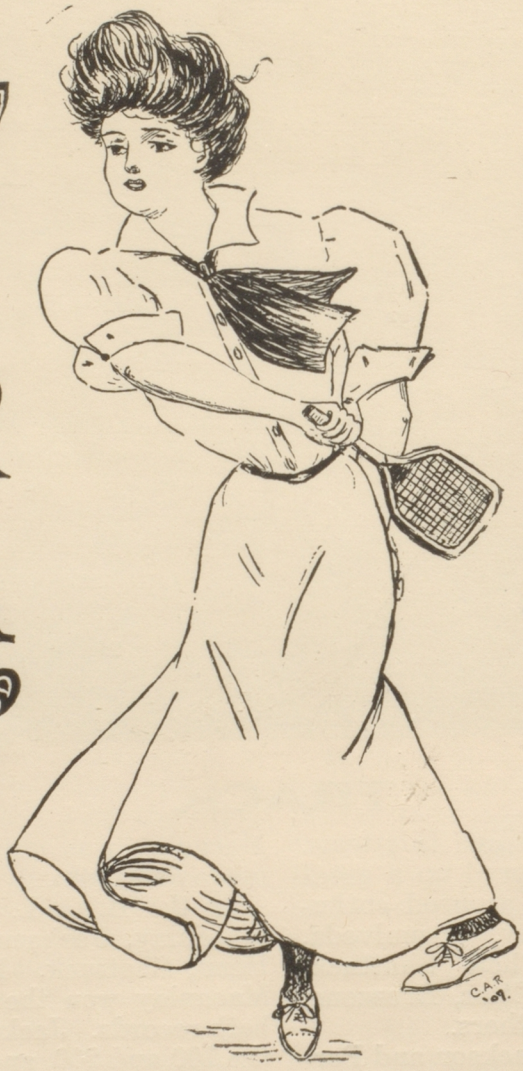
Only three—Macaulay, Jackson and Perkins—entered in the Stanford meet. "Mac" captured the 220 and 440 on a

In the A. A. L. the same three men were entered. Perkins was boxed in the 440 and Macaulay was not allowed to run, so we made no points.

In the B. C. L. we entered eight men, Macaulay, Jackson, Perkins, Kassebaum, Henn, Shattuck, Dowdle and Bruzzone. Macaulay won the 220 and 440, breaking both records. Jackson ran a close fourth in the 100 and 200, and Shattuck came fourth in the mile. Dowdle came fourth in the 440 and Kassebaum fourth in the high jump and broad jump.

E. DOWDLE, '07.

GIRL'S ATHLETICS



GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Looking backward over a period of four years, girls' athletics, that is basketball, seems to have been quite an important factor in the life of a girl student who has always been interested in some school activities during her whole High School career.

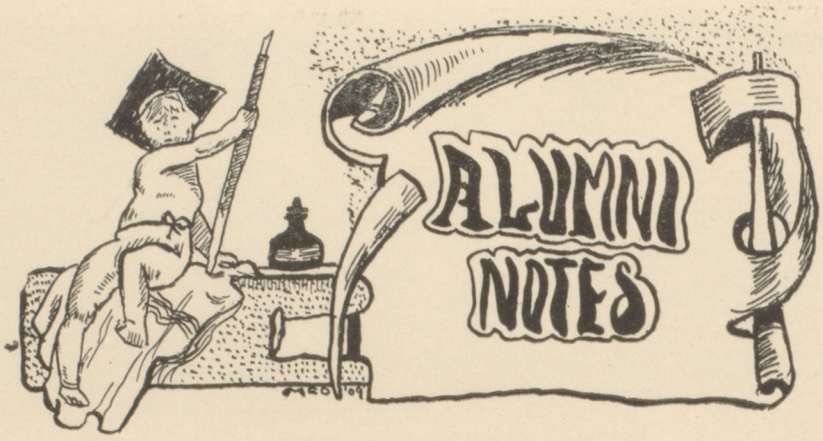
In the fall of 1903 the students of the Alameda High School entered their new home, a home of which all were proud, and which made us feel like doing "great things" in order to bring glory to it. At that time basketball was a favorite sport among the girls and the school supported the team in an admirable manner. We then played in the yard of the Porter School, wading around in the sand, and splashing through the puddles, which we found there. The girls, however, possessed that great spirit which we now sometimes find lacking—enthusiasm. As the months rolled by many were graduated, but new ones, usually from the lower classes, stepped in to fill their places.

Yet in 1904 girls' athletics suffered what might be called a "slump." The club-swinging exercises were given up, and only a few enthusiasts turned out once in a while to play basketball.

The next year saw a revival of athletics. A rowing club, a walking club, a tennis club were organized. In fact there was such a variety of clubs it seemed as though basketball would be crowded out; but no, there were still the loyal few. The other clubs were merely "fads," and after a couple of adventures, all faded into the dim past; but their strength seemed to enter into basketball, and work for a court was begun. Candy and ice cream sales were given,and they were well patronized. The girls formed an association and worked with a will and eventually earned their longed-for court.

But alack-a-day! The ways of a woman cannot be conceived. After a few months of usage our court is left to serve as an ornament to the yard. To be sure, when by the combined efforts of the captain and manager, the team is induced to use the court they do good work, and our victories of this term are glorious.

Keep up the good work. Use the court; you will not wear it out. We have quality, but we must also have quantity. We who leave this school this term wish you all the success possible.



Mrs. Bert Wilson (nee Irma Taylor) spent last Sunday in Alameda as the guest of her old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are on their way to Chicago, where they contemplate making their home.

Mr. Lawrence Lynch is again in Alameda, having completed the year's work at California.

Miss Carrie Gerald is down from Applegate as the guest of her sister. She intends returning there shortly to spend the summer.

Miss Mildred Turner is fast becoming known as an accomplished accompanist and bids fair to make a name for herself.

Mr. Leland Scott has won great laurels at Stanford, both in baseball and on the track. He enjoys the distinction of being the only freshman to play on the varsity team.

Miss Deane Tisdale graduates from her kindergarten course the first week in June.

Stanley H. Bulloch, ex-'04, is taking a course at U. C.

Howard Fassett, December, '06, is working for the American-Hawaiian Construction Company in San Francisco.

Chauncey Eastman is at U. C.

Miss Caroline Hall graduated from Miss Head's school May 17th.

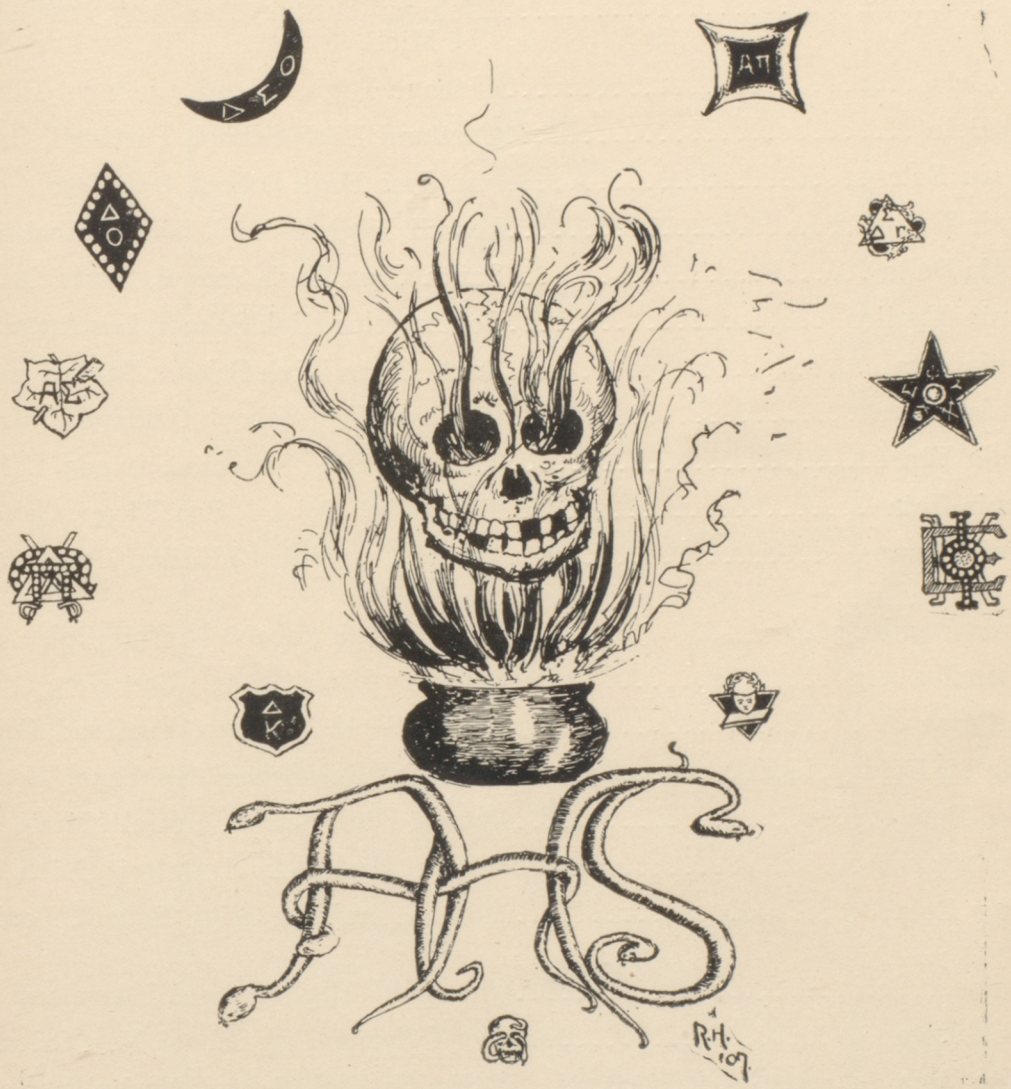
Miss Ethel and Miss Frances Amann left May 12th for the southern part of the State. They intend spending three or four months there.

Mr. John Parker arrived home recently from his trip through the East.

Miss Amy Swayne has returned from her sojourn at Santa Barbara, where she has been for the past three months.

Miss Ethel Plummer has returned from Stanford for the summer vacation.

Miss Edith and Miss Helen White have returned from the East, where they spent the winter. They expect to leave town again for their summer vacation.

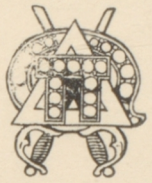

R.H.
107

CHAPTER ROLL OF PI DELTA KOPPA.

—o—

Alpha	Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake Mich.
Illinois Beta	Chicago High School, Chicago, Ill.
Oregon Beta	Portland High School, Portland, Ore.
California Beta	San Jose High School, San Jose, Cal.
California Gama	Lowell High School, San Francisco, Cal.
California Delta	Santa Cruz High School, Santa Cruz, Cal.
California Epsilon	Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, Cal.
California Zeta	Santa Clara High School, Santa Clara, Cal.
California Theta	Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.
California Eta	Alameda High School, Alameda, Cal.
California Iota	Russ High School, San Diego, Cal.
California Kappa	Mount Tamalpias Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal.
California Lamba	Fresno High School, Fresno, Cal.
California Mu	Berkeley High School, Berkeley, Cal.
Oregon Gama	Bishop Scott Academy, Portland, Ore.
Washington Beta	Spokane High School, Spokane, Wash.
Michigan Beta	Detroit High School, Detroit, Mich.
Michigan Gama	Central High School, Detroit, Mich.
Kentucky Beta	Manual Training High School, Louisville, Ky.
Ohio Beta	Cleveland High School, Cleveland, Ohio.
Louisiana Beta	New Orleans High School, New Orleans, La.
Tennessee Beta	Nashville High School, Nashville, Tenn.
Kansas Beta	Kansas High School, Kansas City, Kas.
Nevada Beta	University School, Reno, Nev.

PI DELTA KOPPA.



Eta Chapter.

———o———

1907.

Byron Paul — Montie Haslett

Edwin Higgins

Alfred Sundell — Warren Innes

1908

Frank Butler

1909

Spencer Brush — Kenneth Abbott

Lloyd Burton

1910

Charles Dodge — Edwin Anthony

Roger Henn — Chester Eschen

Pledged

Alfred Geldermann — Earle Schofield

DELTA OMICRON.

Gamma Chapter

(Founded April 5, 1905)

* * *

1908

Clarence B. Sanborn Bronson Tufts

Cary A. Troy

1909

Maurice Kebby

1910

Raymond Gunton Charles Gibbs

Charles Murphy

Post Graduate

Henry Jackson

Pledged

Chester Tufts

Kuhns
Porter
Dexter
Seagrave
Siegfried
Claxton
Gale

ALPHA PI.

(Founded November 8, 1905)

o

Fratres Ex Schola

Joseph Burt Emmal
Howard Henry Fassett
David James Clark
Helmut Henry Hinck

Fratre Ex Urbe

Kenneth Jamison Staniford

Fratres in Schola

Graduate

Fritz Robertson Claxton

1907

Albert Louis Dexter

1908

Paul Hughes Kuhns

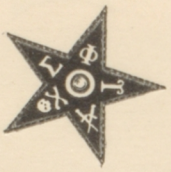
1909

James Morrell Porter
John Siegfried
William Harris Gale

1910

Edward Seagrave

SIGMA PHI UPSILON



California Beta Chapter

———o———

(Founded December, 1906)

Fratres in Schola

1907

Harry B. Sepulveda Theo H. Searle

1909

Harry K. Kassebaum

1910

* Guy Landsberg

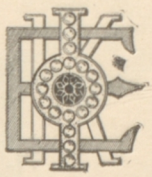
Pledged

Jay MacLean Fred Greenwell

———o———

(*) Absent on leave

PHI KAPPA EPSILON



(Founded January 2, 1907)

Gamma Chapter

1907

Edward A. Macaulay Don E. Bailey
Joe Barnson Bruzzone

1908

Elmer E. Woodward

1909

(*) Luman L. Chandler

(*) Absent on leave

CHARTER ROLL

Alpha ..... Wilmerding School, San Francisco, Cal.

Beta ..... Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.

Gamma ..... Alameda High School, Alameda, Cal.

Delta ..... Berkeley High School, Berkeley, Cal.

Epsilon ..... White's Academy, Berkeley, Cal.

HONOR SOCIETY

* * *

Edwin Otis '01, George Wallace '03

Steven F. Otis '04, Dan Wise '03

James M. Politzer '05, Harry Johnson '03

Jack Millar, '05, Eugene Canalizo '03

Raymond Gott '05, Gerald Brooks '03

Frank Rue '05, Fred Crawford '03

Ralph Marx '05, Sidney Shepherd '06

Leslie Baker '05, Harry Nason '06

Russel Baker '06, Byron Paul '07

Lawrence Lynch '06, Edwin Higgins '07

Chester Jamieson '06, William Foster '07

GAMMA OF MASK AND BOOK

Senior Honor Society

(Installed March, 1906)

—o—

Charter Members

Lawrence Lynch William Evert
Harry Nason
Edmund Brush Allan Field

1906

Henry Jackson

1907

Alfred Sundell Montie Haslett
Byron Paul

—o—

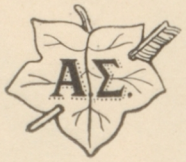
Chapter Roll

Alpha .....Oakland High School

Beta .....Sacramento High School

Gamma .....Alameda High School

ALPHA SIGMA



Eta Chapter

Graduate

Charlotte Brush — Roberta Haslett
Bessie Yates — Emmy Lemcke

1907

Olga Russell — Jane Cooper

1908

Ruth Holt — Ione Connor
Mildred Lansing

1909

Jessie Hall — Edith Cramer
Alice Geller — Marjorie Emmons

1910

Theo Spaulding — Dorothy Tisdale
Lorraine Jordon

DELTA SIGMA THETA

Delta Chapter

———o———

Graduate
Edith Cameron

1907
Gladys Brooks

1908
Wynne Meredith Norma Whitney

1909
Marion Troy Hazel Cochroft
Georgia Meredith Bessie Troy
Lura Ruddell

1910
Ethel Cameron Dorothy Kutchel

* * *

Absent on Leave
Alice Keller Marjorie Emmons
Aida Kunze

———o———

(Delta Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta has enjoyed a very prosperous term. Lura Ruddell, Dorothy Kutchel and Ethel Cameron became members of the society at an initiation in the early part of the term.)

DELTA SIGMA GAMMA

Sorores in Schola

Bessie Searle — Beatrice Stedman

Elvah Sennett

Vega Miller — Edna Whitman

Marion Rhoades

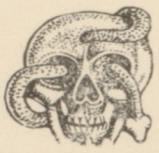
Florence Hay — Anita Junkins

Myrtle Fisher

Ex-Schola

Clara Martin — Ruby Forderer

SKULL AND SERPENT



(Founded February 28, 1905)

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June, 1905

Ethel O'Brien
Alice Harrington
Frances Amann
Josephine Keenan
Alice Maurer
Eleanor French
Maude Fisher
Hope Cortelyou

December, 1905

Gertrude Comfort

June, 1906

Bessie Penfield
Bessie Pratt
Ella Shreve
Helen White

December, 1906

Jane Becker
Marjorie Cockroft
Adele Ehrenberg
Grace Renner
Ida Spence
Jean Tyson

June, 1907

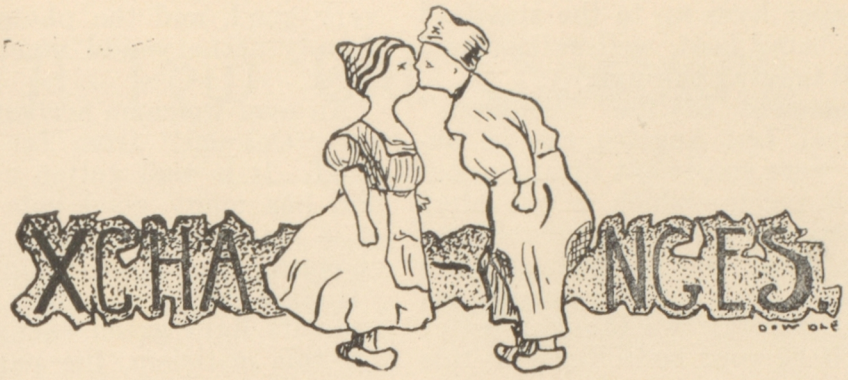
Minnie Anderson
Edith Cameron
Roberta Haslett
Emmy Lemcke
Viola Minor
Gertrude Postel

December, 1907

Jane Cooper
Manu Henkenius
Sylvia McCurrie

DON BAILEY, PRESIDENT

CARY TROY, SECRETARY MINNIE ANDERSON, VICE PRES.



In looking over the numerous exchanges which we have received during the past term, a marked improvement over previous issues is noticeable. In almost every instance they are much better than those which were received from the same schools during the previous term. There may be various reasons for this. Each succeeding staff profits by the experience of its predecessors, and is thus enabled to avoid the pitfalls which beset the path of the amateur journalist, but, in our opinion, the greatest source of improvement lies in the exchange column. Judicious criticism of a magazine's weak points, and careful comparison with its contemporaries, are very helpful to those who are trying to attain a high standard of excellence. An exchange column really exists for the benefit of the publications reviewed, and it is in a spirit of friendly interest that occasional adverse criticisms are offered.

We are glad to receive the "Tiger," published by Lick School, San Francisco. The cover design is simple, but striking, and there are no fewer than nine very readable stories. The cuts at the heads of the various departments are very clever, and the arrangement of the material good. The only possible fault lies in the editorials, which are rather crude and inclined to be "slangy." Dignity should be maintained in this department of a paper, if nowhere else. But even with this criticism, the "Tiger's" editorials are virile and forcible.

Another welcome visitor is the "Bell," which comes from San Jose High School. It is one of the most attractive exchanges on our list. "The Storm King" and "By the Fireplace" are poems of unusual merit for a high school publication, and the literary contents are uniformly excellent. The feature of the paper, however, are the illustrations, which are not only plentiful, but really high class work. Such drawings make a wonderful difference in the general appearance of the paper. Keep up your present standard, "Bell," and you will serve as an example to any preparatory school magazine in the country.

The Oakland High School "Aegis" is another magazine which ranks away up in amateur journalism. The literary material is very good, both the stories and the various departments being exceptionally well written. The many photographs of O. H. S. athletes add to the interest, but the best thing about the paper is that it is an expression of school spirit throughout. Loyalty to the school is manifested on every page. We wish you all possible success, "Aegis," and hope that you will be a more frequent visitor to our exchange room.

The "Owl," from Fresno High School, is an exception to the rule that "good things always come in small packages." Although one of the largest of our exchanges, it is high grade throughout. We are pleased to note the name of Kenneth Staniford, a former student of this school, in the list of members of the F. H. S. Glee Club.

"The Russ," San Diego High School, was embellished this term by one of the most attractive covers that we have ever seen on a high school publication. The

rest of the paper lives up to the standard of the cover, being neat, well-written and interesting all the way through.

The arrangement of the "Sentinel," Harvard School, Los Angeles, can be improved. We were somewhat disappointed to find in this paper—which is published by a boys' school, a highly improbable and romantic love story. Such a waste of space might be expected in a seminary magazine, but really, "Sentinel," we thought better of you. Let it be your last offense in this respect.

The "Sequoia," Sequoia High School, Redwood City, is a bright, lively little journal from cover to cover. It is unusually well printed. It is a long time since we have seen any amateur drawing approaching in merit the full-page picture of a basketball girl which adorned the February issue. Keep up the good work, "Sequoia." We shall always be proud to receive you.

Congratulations, students of Clear Lake Union High, on the first issue of your paper. "The Cardinal and Black" would do credit to many a larger school. Your cover, material and arrangement are alike excellent. The general tone of the issue is very good, and the photographs of Lake County scenery add much to its appearance.

An ever-welcome arrival on our table is the "Oahuan" from far-away Punahou, T. H. It is well gotten up in every way, and has many good cuts and half-tones. It is more elevated than most of the exchanges. The cover design and title of the "Dictum Est" is hardly distinguishable from its light green background. Except for this criticism, the paper is up to its usual high standard.

The "Trident," started this term by the students of Santa Cruz High School, would be a most commendable paper were it not for its awkward size. It is decidedly too large. The general make-up, however, is good.

"Cardinal," whatever possessed you to detract from the appearance of a really splendid cover by printing an advertisement across the bottom of it? We are glad to read of your unbroken success in athletics. The poem, "Consolation," is very clever, and afforded the exchange editor a hearty laugh. "Cardinal" hails from Covina High School.

IRMA V. YOUNG, '07.

A Few Old Chestnuts

What's the difference between the sweet girl graduates and a Thanksgiving turkey? One is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress.

* *

AT THE COSTUME BALL.

Edwin Higgins—"The music was so loud I couldn't hear myself talk."

Florence Hay—"Oh, how nice!"

* * *

How many girls would it take to reach from here to Frisco?

Ten, because a Miss is as good as a mile.

* * *

Unsophisticated Freshman—What is the Board of Health?

Buck Sundell—Three square meals a day.

* * *

Mr. G. (Senior B history)—Miss Brush, what have you to say about woman suffrage?

Miss B.—Well, I think as long as women own property and pay taxes, they ought to be represented.

Mr. G.—Yes; there might be some argument in favor of widows.

Voice From Rear—Grass or sod?

* * *

SENIOR A HISTORY.

Mr. G (to Hiene Jackson, who was engaged in a discussion with Miss Cooper)—Jackson, do stop. When it comes to talking you're as bad as a girl.

* * *

Edith C. (having picture taken)—I don't like a side view. I'd rather have a "straight front."

Mr. G. (to Miss Cameron, reading a history paper)—Would you mind swinging around so we can all hear?

COMIC HISTORY

The history of '07 is the history of Alameda High for the last four years. Four years ago we entered high school in shoes two sizes too large, quite innocent (?), more green. In June we go out to compete with the world in trying to make an honest living without work. Toil peppered with troubles of our own; love scrapes smashed by the cruel hand of inconvenience; flunks unmellowed by the warm squelch of the cold-hearted teacher—"there are our jewels" upon which we build our future.

Our members represent every walk of life. Some of us come from grammar school, some from private school, the majority directly from home.

Our likes and dislikes run in different directions. Some of the class continued to take Latin in the same way as the Greeks took Troy—with a horse.

We are variously trimmed, from the cat-like black material through all the colors of the spectrum to the real crimson Russian blue—otherwise, Dago red.

But as we are, judge us, boys and girls. The school has a claim upon us which we can never repay. We have admired the zeal of Dr. Thompson and the faculty in seeking to make '07 reflect the value of the training our High School can give. To the historian of the future is left the rest. May we all live prosperous and useful lives.

ALAMEDA SCHOOL SPIRIT AFTER THE OAKLAND GAME.

If you meet any men who say "Pshaw!
The wit in this book is too raw."
You may know that they're blinded,
Because they've been grinded;
So don't pay no heed to their jaw.

* * *

Mr. Minium (explaining electric cells)—Well, what shall we have in here? Make it anything you want—it's my treat today. Let's have a copper sulphate.

Mr. Searle (debating in "oral English")—What Miss R— said is not true. But being a lady, I can't say what I think about it.

* * *

"Midget" E.—What do lou call a stag party for girls?

Dorothy T. (innocently) — Why, Hen(n) party.

FITTING QUOTATIONS.

George Browning	His voice no touch of harmony admits— Irregularly deep and shrill by fits.
Verdel Jones	A harmless child.
Lillian Harber	I can faults in others espy.
Bessie Yates	Infinite riches in a little room.
Montie Haslett	And everybody loved to praise, His pretty looks and winsome ways.
Minnie Anderson	Laughter holding both her sides.
Georgie Hathaway	The glass of fashion and the mould of form.
Helen Bickford	As yet a child.
Leland Moore	Too full for utterance.
Irma Young	Of softest manners, unaffected mind.
Frances Read	A smile that glowed Celestial rosy red.
Ena Beane	With countenance demure and modest face.
Edith Cameron	Nor think tonight of thy ill nature. But of thy follies, idle creature.
Viola Minor	She gives her tongue no moment's rest.
Alma Curtis	I start as from some dream, and ask myself if yet awake.

———o———

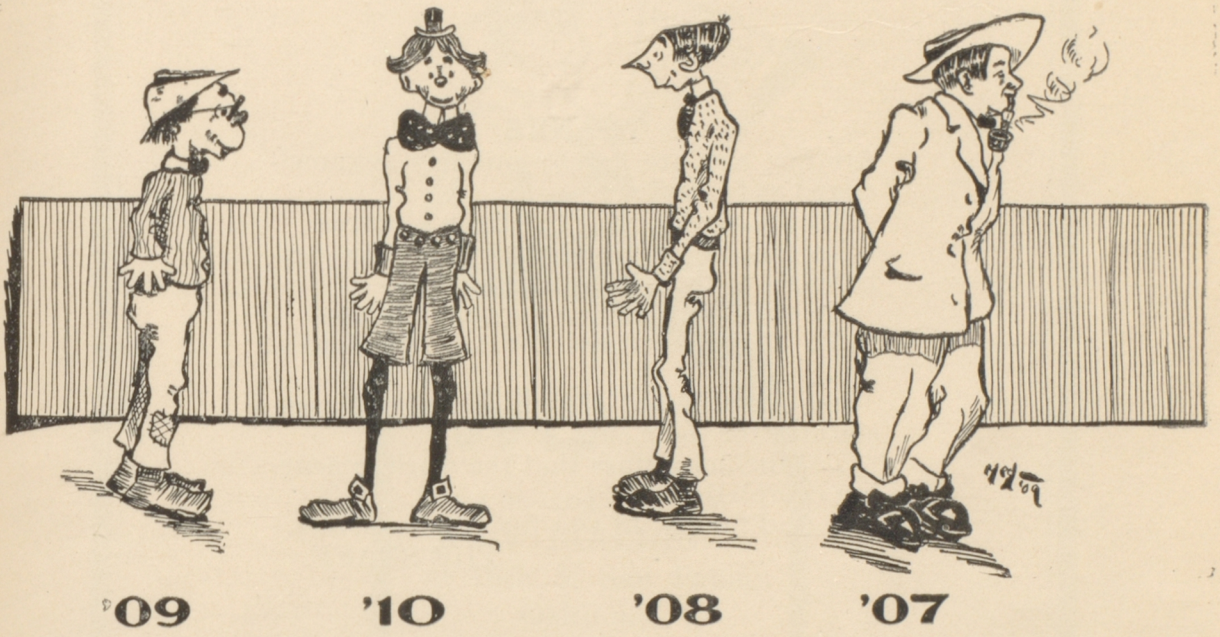
FLOWERY LANGUAGE.

Crown Imperial	Doctor Thompson.
Elders	The Faculty.
Chickweed	Scrubbies.
Sage	Mr. Cogswell.
Gilly Flowers	Ed Seagrave and Homer Spence.
Innocents	The "Sweet Girl" Graduates.
Bachelor Buttons	Anti-Queener's Association.
Annuals	Graduation Exercises.
Nettle	Rules and Regulations.
Hops	Senior Dances.
Heart's-ease	Vacation.
Virgins' Bower	Girls' Dressing Room.
Gooseberries	The Amazons.
Shamrock	Alfredo Sundell.
Dandelions	Alpha Pis (?)
Rose	Miss Hohfeld.
Lilacs (lie locks)	On all the School Room Doors.
Rubber Plant	Mr. Minium.
A Daisy	Mr. Gilbertson.
Live Forever	We Seniors.

PUZZLE PICTURES

WHO ARE THEY?

From June '07



Point of View

THANKS

Are due and are hereby publicly acknowledged as follows:

To the Senior class for their pictures.

To the literary aspirants who have contributed to that department.

To our assistants for the help rendered.

To the advertisers for the substantial aid.

To the different organizations and associations for their cuts.

To our lucky stars that the work is nearing completion.

And finally, to you for your quarters.

THE STAFF.

WE

have moved to our
NEW BUILDING
at 16th & San Pablo
Oakland

New Equipment
throughout

HEALD-DIXON

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404 Fourteenth St. **OAKLAND**

"HAUCH'S BEST"

Butter

IS ALWAYS RELIABLE

HAUCH'S

1411 Park Street Phone Alameda 34

Mr. G. (relating ancedote in civics)—When the speaker of the House wanted to make himself heard, he fired six shots from his pistol toward the ceiling.

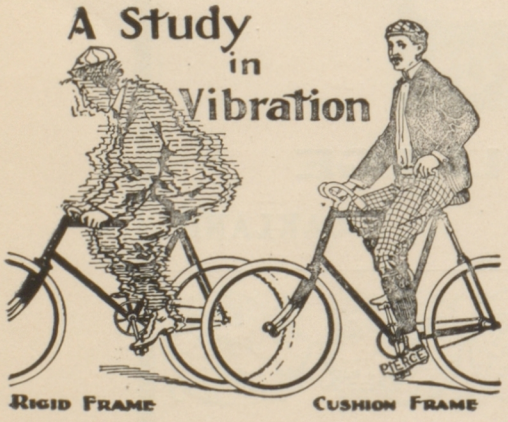
Mr. A.—You ought to do that in here.

Mr. G.—No; when I shoot, it will be horizontally.

Mr. A.—Mercy, I better change my seat.

* * *

Miss G. (in French to Irma Taylor)—When you make "es" make "es," but neve rmake "is" (eyes.)



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Say, I've something to tell you. It isn't a secret; a great many people know about it; but just the same I don't think you have heard it, and I do just love to be first to tell anything good—and this is really too good to keep. Anyway, I think it is something we ought to talk about, and I am sure you will agree with me and will be anxious to tell all the girls to tell their mothers, and tell all the boys to tell their sisters to tell their mothers. What is it? Why, that you can get the loveliest steaks and the dearest little lamb chops, and, oh, just everything in that l ne the best of any place in town—and everybody goes there, too. Grand Central Market, Bay Station, Sanford & Lick, Fones 438 and 439.

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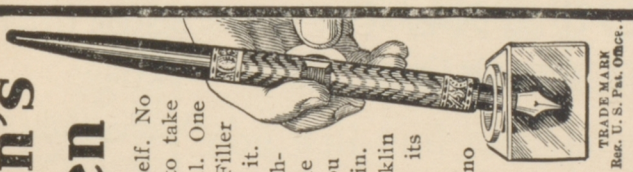

Fills itself. Cleans itself. No Dropper. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to spill. One pressure on Crescent-Filler under the thumb fills it. You wouldn't be bothered with the old style fountain pen if once you looked at the Conklin. Call and see the Conklin and be convinced of its superiority.

Far better and costs no more than other fountain pens of best grade. Made by The Conklin Pen Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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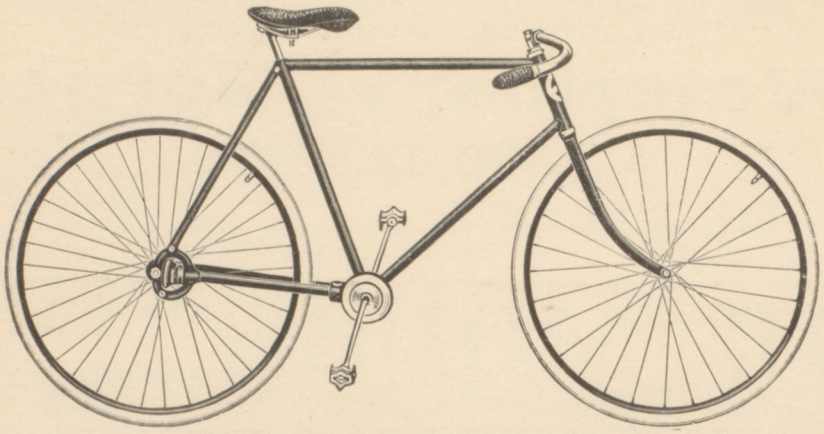

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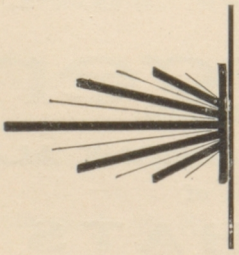

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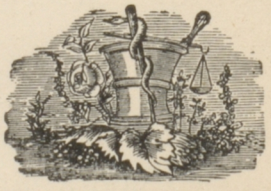

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